Lucius Annæus

SENECA

OF

CONSOLATION

To his Mother

HELVIA.

Translated into English Verse.

Fronto Orator apud Joh. Salisberiensem
Policrat. lib. VIII.

Seneca, sic universos exterminat errores, ut aurea videatur sæcula reformare, & deos ab humano genere exulantes, ejus opera revocatos, hominibus contracta societate misceri.

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To

My ancient and learned Friend IOHN MORRIS Esquire.

Sir:

THis issue of some spare houres had beene obortive, had not you (whom even my trifles were wont to please, by your perswasions given it birth. I sent it to the Presse, not with desire to make it publique, (for the Printer in this is but my Amanuensis) but as a readier way to satisfie your selfe and the rest of my friends, who are willing to be partakers of my recreations, and these truly are but such, and take no more time from the employments I enjoy by the favour of my royall and gra-

cious Maister, *then* Chesse, Cards, *or the like doe from others, who make those things their diversions. The Author, whom* Plutarch (*if at least wee may beleeve* Petrarch) *hath acknowledged not to be parallel'd by any* Græcian, *is* (*as you well know*) *not onely powerfull in Morality, but so fluent in his discourses, that almost every period is like the close of an Epigram, which hath moved me to render him in verse, whereby his sprightfull ejaculations, and usefull sentences, which even in the most exact version in prose, are but like Pearles unstrung, or linkes of gold unchain'd, may appeare more entire, and bee made more communicable; verse being according to* Aristotle, ἐδυσμένως λόγως, *an expression formed for delight.*

This tract was written by Seneca, *about the fortieth yeare of his age, when his wit was in the greatest vigour and strength, and in the iudgement of* Lipsius, *doth* inter libellos palmam poscere: *therefore it was fit I should keepe strictly to my patterne, as you will find I have, if you please to conferre them.*

them. And though ſome of the ſeverer ſort will cenſure, and ſay I doe magno conatu magnas nugas agere, *who thinke ſuch compoſures no better than the Spiders web, wrought with diligence, but fit only to be ſwept away: yet thoſe that are more ingenuous and able to judge, will perhaps thinke otherwiſe. Whatſoever it is, I ſend it to you, with the ſame addreſſe, that your old friend* Heinſius, *upon the like occaſion borrowed from the Souldier,* Factum, quod juſſiſti, Imperator. *And I hope it will incite you to publiſh ſome things of your own; eſpecially that excellent piece of the life of Sir* Iohn Hawkwood, *who reſtored to the Italians the perfect diſcipline of war; who, had he lived in the State and time that* Scipio *did, had not (as I conceive) been inferior to him. Do it, and you ſhall raiſe from the duſt the ancient Engliſh honour, and ſhall merit no ſmall thanks from your Country.*

R. F.

Lucius Annæus Seneca

OF

CONSOLATION

To his Mother

HELVIA.

CAP. I.

I Have ere now, *Deare Mother*, often made
Attempts to comfort thee, and often ſtay'd.
To venture, many things with me did ſway.
Firſt, I might ſeeme my ill t'have put away,
If, though thy teares could not be quite ſuppreſt.
I ſhould the while have wip'd them off at leaſt.
Next, having raiſed up my ſelfe, I might
By my example thee to riſe incite.
Beſides I fear'd, if fortune had ſucceſſe
'Gainſt me, ſhe alſo would my friends oppreſſe.
But yet I tri'd by ſtealth the meanes to finde,
Laying my hand on mine, thy wound to binde.

On th'other ſide, there were ſome reaſons, why
I ſhould forbeare : it was not fit t'apply
Too ſudden comfort, to thy griefe enrag'd,
'T had beene thereby provok'd, and not aſſwag'd.
For in diſeaſes, many times the cure
Is full of danger, that is immature.
I therefore ſtay'd, till time had weak'ned griefe,
That toucht, and handled it might finde reliefe.
For having all thoſe famous wits ſurvey'd,
That to ſuppreſſe great ſorrow have aſſay'd ;
I found not one whoſe comfort hath prevail'd
With them, by whom he was himſelfe bewail'd.
In this new doubt I ſtucke, my lenitive,
I fear'd, would prove to be a corroſive.
What, that a man had need of new-found words,
Such as no rude and vulgar tongue affoords,
That lifts his head out of a grave, to lend
Fit conſolation to a mournfull friend ?
Exceſſive griefe muſt needs confound the choyce
Of words, that many times reſtraines the voyce.
Yet, I 'll endeavour : not in confidence
Of mine owne wit, but with this juſt pretence,
That having comforted my ſelfe, to thee
I ſhall in ſtead of pow'rfull comfort be.
And I muſt hope, who never yet did miſſe
Of what I askt thee, not to faile in this,
(Although all griefe be obſtinate) that thou
To ſet ſome bounds to thine, wilt me allow.

Cap. II.

SEE how on thy indulgence I preſume:
Who, than thy griefe a greater pow'r, aſſume;
Than which there is not any thing, that can
Be found more pow'rfull to a wretched man.
Nor will I ſtraight aſſault it, but object
All that may ſtirre it up, and will detect
The wounds that have beene clos'd. But ſome will ſay:
What kinde of comfort is this, to diſplay
Forgotten miſeries, and to preſent
All woes t' a minde of one impatient?
But let them know, when any evils prove
So farre pernitious, that they ſwell above
Their ſafe, and uſuall remedies, for cure
They muſt at length their contraries endure.
And therefore to this ſorrow, I will adde,
All kind of ſorrow, clothing it with ſad
And mourning weeds: and this is to apply
The launce and fire, not a ſoft remedy.
What ſhall I gaine? I ſhall at leaſt ſtrike ſhame
Into that mind, that formerly o'recame
So many woes, and in a body found
So full of ſcarres, cannot ſuſtaine one wound.
Let them continue then to groane, and cry,
Whoſe wanton thoughts, through long felicity
Are ſo enfeebled, that they quickly faile,
When but the leaſt misfortunes them aſſaile:

But yet let thoſe, who all their time have ſpent
In miſery, be at the length content
To beare the moſt ſevere calamity,
With valiant and unmoved conſtancy.
Continuall troubles this one good procure,
Whom they vex oft, they bring at laſt t'endure.
Sterne fortune never yet hath left thee free
From heavy croſſes: thy Nativity
Was not exempted. For even at thy birth
Thy mother dy'd, nay e're thou wer't brought forth:
And in a ſort, thy parent being dead,
Thou wer't to life expos'd; then thou wer't bred
Under a ſtepmother; whom thou didſt ty,
To be thy Mother, by a piety,
Like her owne daughter: though we ſeldome heare
Of Stepmothers, though good, that coſt not deare.
Thy loving uncle, in whom did reſide
No leſſe integrity, than courage, dy'd,
When thou expect'dſt his comming. And leſt fate,
By reſpite, ſhould her rage extenuate,
E're thirty dayes were paſt, thou wer't bereft
Of thy deare husband, by whom thou wert left
A mother of three children, ſorrow then
Was brought, when thou wer't ſorrowfull, and when
Thy children were all abſent: as if griefe
Had watcht to come, when there was no reliefe.
I paſſe by many dangers, many feares,
Which ruſhing on thee, thou for many yeares

Unceſ-

Unceſſantly haſt borne: that breaſt, which ſent
Three children forth, hath beene of late content,
To hugge the bones of three. Nor did there come
Full twenty dayes after thou didſt entombe,
Both in thine armes, and kiſſes, my dead ſonne,
Before thou heard'ſt what violence was done
Upon my ſelfe, for this to thee alone
Was wanting yet, the living to bemoane.

Cap. III.

OF all the wounds thou haſt received, this
Inflicted laſt on thee, moſt grievous is:
It did not onely breake the outward skin;
But to the breaſt, and bowels enter in.
Yet, as weake Novices, although they be
But lightly hurt, cry out confuſedly,
And tremble at the Surgions hand, as much
As at the ſharpeſt weapon, whereas ſuch
As have beene ſouldiers long, although a ſword
Be ſtrucken through them, let not fall a word
Tending to feare, but beare the ſearch, as though
The paine concern'd them not: So doe thou ſhow
A courage in thy cure: abſtaine from groanes,
And all tumultuous lamentations,
That women uſe, if yet thou be not taught
To beare, thy ſufferings little good have wrought.
Can I now ſeeme faintly with thee to deale,
That doe not any of thy woes conceale,

But lay them all in heapes before thy ſight?
To which my owne great thoughts doe me invite.
For I have undertaken to confound
Thy pow'rfull ſorrow, not the ſame to bound.

Cap. IIII.

AND there is hope, I ſhall prevaile, if I
Shew, that my ſufferings lay no miſery
On me, nor on my friends, and if I prove,
That thou thy ſelfe in thy indulgent love,
Canſt not thereby (although thy whole eſtate
Depend on mine) become unfortunate.
Firſt I will urge, what thy affection will
Deſire to heare, that I ſuſtaine no ill:
If that be not demonſtrated, at leaſt
I'll make it evident, that what hath preſt
So heavily upon me, may be borne:
If that be doubted, I my thoughts will turne
To pleaſe my ſelfe the more, and happy be
In that, which is another's miſery.
It is not fit, that thou in my affaire
Should'ſt credit others: I to thee declare,
In ſpight of vaine opinions, that I hold
My ſelfe not wretched; nay I will be bold
To adde for thy aſſurance what I know,
That my condition never can be ſo.

Cap. V.

WE had good covenants at our birth, if we
Forſake them not: by natures wiſe decree,
There needs no great proviſion to live well,
How to be happy ev'ry man can tell.
Contingences we ſhould but meanly priſe,
They ſway on neither part: he, that is wiſe,
Is not exalted in proſperity;
Nor yet dejected in adverſity:
His greateſt labour ever is to make
Himſelfe his chiefeſt ſtorehouſe, and to take
All joy from thence. What then? Shall I profeſſe
My ſelfe to be a wiſe man? Nothing leſſe.
For were I ſuch, I ſhould not onely know
No miſery, but all men farre outgoe
In happineſſe, nay I ſhould then be neare
Divinity, and like a god appeare.
But that which now may very well ſuffice
To mitigate all ſorrow, I adviſe
With prudent men, and wanting pow'r alone
To arme my ſelfe, to others tents have flowne;
I meane the tents of ſuch as will defend
Themſelves, and thoſe things that on them depend;
They bid me ever ſtand upon my guard,
And 'gainſt th' attempts of fortune be prepar'd,
Before they ruſh upon me: all her blowes
Are heavy, that are ſudden; he beſt knowes

To beare them, that expects 'em ; for the foe,
Unlookt for, gives the greater overthrow :
But they, who for a future warre provide,
E're warre breakes forth, ſtand ready to abide
The firſt aſſault, which alwayes ſeemes the worſt.
I never yet to fortune would give truſt,
Although She promis'd peace : thoſe things that She
Hath moſt indulgently conferr'd on me ;
As glory, honour, riches, I kept ſo,
That without trouble I might them forgoe.
All theſe I did farre diſtant from me lay,
They might be taken, but not pull'd away.
'Adverſity hath never yet provok'd
Any, but whom proſperity hath ſtrok'd.
He that the gifts of fortune, as his owne,
And permanent hath lov'd, that would be knowne,
And pris'd for them, when vaine delights forſake
His childiſh minde, that cannot well partake
Of ſolid joyes, is full of heavineſſe :
But he, that is not puff'd up with ſucceſſe,
Nor ſhrunke up at a change, retaines a minde
To conſtancy in both eſtates confin'd :
He makes it in felicity appeare,
How well he infelicity can beare.
I therefore never thought true good to ly
In that, which is deſired gen'rally ;
But alwayes held it vaine, made to beguile,
Poliſht without, but within baſe and vile,

For in thoſe things, which we call miſeries,
I finde, that no ſuch difficulty lyes,
As vulgar fame hath made: 'tis true the word
(In which moſt mens opinions have concurr'd)
Doth ſound but harſhly to the eare, and like
A ſad and horrid thing, the hearers ſtrike:
The people ſo command it: but the wiſe
For the moſt part the peoples lawes deſpiſe.

Cap. VI.

LEaving the judgement then of moſt men, led
By outward ſhewes, yet alwayes credited:
Let us conceive what exile is: to wit,
A change of place: but leſt we ſtraiten it,
And the worſt part conceale: this change of place
Is with theſe ills accompani'd, Diſgrace,
Contempt, and Poverty: 'gainſt theſe I will
Hereafter fight: but firſt, let's ſee what ill
The very change of place alone doth bring.
To want our Country, is a grievous thing.
Yet ſee, what multitudes of people come
To *Rome*, though vaſt, yet ſcarce affoording roome;
Moſt part of which doe want their native land,
They flocke from Colonies, from Townes, that ſtand
Confirm'd in equall freedome with our owne;
And from all parts that in the world are knowne.
Ambition draweth ſome, ſome are compell'd
By publique office, others there are held

By an impos'd embaſſage, ſome are brought
By luxury, there finding what they ſought,
A wealthy and fit place to practiſe vice:
Some goe to ſtudy, others playes entice;
Friendſhip drawes ſome; ſome an induſtrious wit,
Where there are ample meanes to publiſh it:
A venall forme brings many; the pretence
Of others, is a venall Eloquence.
In the whole earth there is not any ſort
Of people, whereof ſome doe not reſort
To that great city, which is ſtill prepar'd,
Vices as well as vertues to reward.
Call all theſe by their names, and then demand
Where they were borne, and thou ſhalt underſtand,
That moſt of them their dwellings did forſake,
And a new habitation undertake,
In a ſtrange city, albeit well knowne
To be moſt large and faire, yet not their owne.
But not t' inſiſt only on that, which may
Be call'd our common country, let's ſurvey
All other cities, and there will be found
None, that with ſtrangers doth not moſt abound.
To paſſe by thoſe to which for purer aire,
And uſefull ſituation moſt repaire;
Goe ſearch out barbarous Ilands, *Sciathus*,
Coſura, *Seriphus*, and *Gyarus*:
There is no place deſign'd for baniſhment,
But ſome therein to dwell are well content.

What

What can there be more barren, more confus'd,
Than theſe ſteep rockes? or what to people, us'd
To live in plenty can more fruitleſſe be?
What place doth breed more inhumanity?
For ſituation what more horrid is?
Or what aire more intemperate than this?
Yet notwithſtanding 'twill not be deni'd,
More forreiners then natives here abide.
So little grievous therefore is the change
Of place, that many from their countries range,
And ſeat themſelves ev'n here. But ſome will ſay,
There is a naturall itch in men to ſtray,
And change their ſeats: the mind of man's poſſeſt
With a deſire of motion, not of reſt:
His cogitations wander, and are bent
On things knowne and unknowne, impatient
Of their owne eaſe, and will not be confin'd,
But alwayes are to novelties inclin'd:
Whereat we cannot marvell, if we call
To memory the ſoule's originall,
Which was not fram'd of groſſe congeſted earth,
But breath'd from heaven had a celeſtiall birth:
And heavenly natures are in motion ſtill,
And doe with ſpeed their uſuall race fulfill.
Behold the ſtarres illuſtrating the world:
They move from place to place, and being whirl'd
Backe by a ſwift, and univerſall force,
They yet reſiſt, and keep their proper courſe;

And

And paſſing through the Zodiacke cannot ſtand;
But move as natures pow'rfull lawes command:
And when one ſtage after ſome yeares is runne,
Another where that ended, is begun.
Goe then, and thinke the minde of heav'nly race
Deſcended, can be griev'd at change of place,
When the celeſtiall nature takes delight,
Or elſe ſubſiſts by ſuch a conſtant flight.
But now from things divine turne backe thine eye
Upon humane, and thou ſhalt here deſcry
Whole nations from their countries to depart.
What meane thoſe Græcian cities in the heart
Of lands, that to Barbarians doe belong?
Why doe we heare the Macedonian tongue
In *Perſia*, and the fartheſt *India*?
How is it that untamed *Scythia*,
And the whole country of wilde people boaſt,
Achaian townes built on the Pontick coaſt?
Not the perpetuall winter, not the men,
Whoſe mindes and manners were more horrid, then
The climes that bred them, ſtrangers could deterre,
But they their houſholds thither would tranſferre.
Athenians ſwarme in *Aſia*, ſeventy five
Great Cities from *Miletus* did derive
Their people: that whole part of *Italy*,
Which all along the *Tuſcan* ſhore doth ly,
Great *Greece* was call'd. The *Tuſcans Aſia* vaunts
To be her off-ſpring; the inhabitants

Of *Tyre* remov'd to *Africke*; and in *Spaine*
The race of *Carthaginians* doth remaine.
The *Græcians Gaule*, the *Gaules* did *Greece* poſſeſſe,
Nor could the Pyrenæan hills ſuppreſſe
The *Germans* paſſage: humane levity,
Unknowne, untrodden waies hath us'd to try;
And therein wives and children to engage;
I, and their parents burthened with age.
Some with long travell waſted, could not take
Deliberate choice, but tyr'd were forc'd to make
The neareſt place their home; ſome to create
A right by armes, have ſeiz'd a forreigne State:
Some Nations ſeeking unknowne lands were drown'd,
And others have through want a dwelling found.
Nor was there a like cauſe in all that chang'd
Their native habitations, ſome eſtrang'd
Themſelves from their owne countries, ſpoyl'd by foes,
And ſought to cure their owne with others woes:
Domeſticke broyles made others feare to ſtay,
And ſome in populous lands were ſent away
T'exonerate the ſame: the peſtilence,
Or frequent trembling of the earth, from whence
Dire rents appear'd, or ſome ſuch miſery
Of an unlucky place, made others fly.
Some by report of a more fertile earth
Were from their owne ſeduc'd, others led forth
For other reaſons: 'tis then manifeſt,
That nothing, where it firſt began, can reſt.

There is a daily wandring in mankinde;
In this great world ſome change we ever finde.
We heare continually of new foundations
Of cities, and of new names giv'n to Nations,
When th' old are either loſt, or elſe remaine
Involv'd in them, that did the conqueſt gaine.
By all theſe tranſportations, what is meant,
But common exile, publicke baniſhment?

Cap. VII.

WHy lead I thee about ſo long a way?
What need I name him that built *Padua*,
Antenor? or *Evander* ſo renown'd,
That did a new *Arcadian* kingdome found
On *Tyber's* bankes? Why ſhould I mention make
Of *Diomede*, with thoſe that did partake
Of *Troy's* ſad fate, who went a ſcatter'd band
Conquer'd and conqu'ring to a forreigne land?
The Romane empire own's a baniſht man,
For the firſt founder of her ſtate, who ran
From his loſt country, only with a few
Surviving troopes, and willing to purſue
Some remote fortune, by neceſſity,
And feare of foes was brought to *Italy*.
And now how many Colonies are found,
Planted by his ſucceſſors, that abound
In ev'ry Province? *Romanes*, whereſoe're
They be victorious, doe inhabit there.

To

To which plantations men their names enroll'd
With willingneſſe, the husbandman, grown old,
Stay'd not behinde, but was content to want
His country altars, and himſelfe tranſplant.

Cap. VIII.

THE thing needs no more proofe; and yet there lies
One apt example more before mine eyes.
This very Iland oftentimes hath found
A change of dwellers: to omit what's drown'd
In deepe antiquity, thoſe Greeks, that dwell
Now in *Maſſilia*, on this Iland fell,
When they *Phocea* left; what drave them out
From hence againe, remaineth yet in doubt.
Whether the badneſſe of the aire, or feare
Of *Italy* too mighty, and too neare,
Or that the place by nature was unfit
To harbour Ships; for I cannot admit
For cauſe the people's wildneſſe, ſince they choſe
With the moſt barb'rous *Gaules* to interpoſe.
Then the *Lygurians* came t' inhabit here,
And *Spaniards* alſo as may well appeare
By many cuſtomes; for their heads and feet
Are covered alike, in ſpeech they meet,
The native being loſt by converſation,
Both with the Græcian and Lygurian nation.
Two Romane colonies at length were ſent,
Under the ſeverall charge and government

Of *Marius* and *Sylla*: thus this dry,
And craggy Rocke hath had variety
Of dwellers. To conclude, there is no race
Of men, that hath continu'd in one place.
Things ſtand not in their firſt ſimplicity,
But are commixt, and grafted mutually:
One man ſucceeds another; one is tir'd
With that, which by another is deſir'd:
Th'expeller is expell'd. Fate did ordaine,
That nothing ſhould in one eſtate remaine.
The learned'ſt Romane *Varro*' (omitting all
The other ills, that baniſhment befall)
Againſt the change of place thought this to be
A uſefull, and ſufficient remedy,
To know, that in what place ſo e're we come,
We have the ſelfe ſame world we had at home.
Brutus thought this enough, that ev'ry where
A baniſht man may his owne vertues beare.
If any thinke theſe ſever'd to be ſlight
Comfort 'gainſt exile, let him them unite,
And they are ſtrong. How ſmall is that we loſe?
But of theſe two, the beſt, none can diſpoſe,
The *Common world*, and our owne *Vertue*: they,
Where e're we be remov'd, with vs will ſtay.
For this (beleeve me) was by him ordain'd,
Who e're he was that the world's machine fram'd,
Whether a pow'rfull God we may him call,
Or elſe a reaſon incorporeall,

Working

Working theſe mighty things, or a pure ſpirit,
Whoſe vertue all things equally inherit,
Both great and ſmall; or fate, or elſe a line
Of cauſes that together doe combine:
It was, I ſay, ordain'd that only baſe,
And vile things ſhould to other's wils give place.
Whereas the beſt ſhall never us forſake,
None can the ſame or give, or from us take:
The world, the greateſt, and the faireſt creature,
Was firſt created by the God of nature:
The ſoule, of the whole world the nobleſt part,
That both contemplates, and admires the art
Of this great fabricke, is our owne and ſhall
Remaine with us, and be perpetuall.
Then let us with alacrity advance,
And beare all things with cheerfull countenance.

Cap. IX.

IF we ſurvey the whole earth, we ſhall find
No place that is eſtranged from mankind:
Heav'n ev'rywhere is equall to the eye;
All divine things in the ſame diſtance ly
From all humane. Then ſince I'm not deni'd
That ſight, wherewith I'm never ſatisfi'd;
Since both the ſun and moone I may behold,
And on the other planets uncontrold
May fix mine eyes, their riſe, their fals to know,
Their diſtances, why ſome are ſwift, ſome ſlow;

Since I may view by night each glitt'ring ſtarre,
Whereof ſome fixed be, ſome rove not farre,
But in one tract returne; ſome with cleare light
Breake forth, and ſome with ſcatter'd fire our ſight
Dazle, as if they fell, or in large ſtreames
Flying about, dart their extended beames:
Since I with theſe am preſent, ſince I can,
As much as is permitted unto man,
Mix with celeſtiall bodies; ſince my mind,
Bent to contemplate things of it's owne kind,
Is lifted up on high, what need I care
Upon what ground I tread? But here there are
No pleaſant fruits, no green trees here doe grow,
Nor any navigable rivers flow;
This land yeelds nothing to ſupply the want
Of any other nation, it can ſcant
Suſtaine it ſelfe; no pretious ſtones are found,
Nor mines of gold and ſilver in this ground.
The mind is narrow that can take delight
In earthly things; we muſt our thoughts incite,
To ponder thoſe that equally appeare
To all, and equally ſhine ev'ry where:
For this is alwayes to be underſtood,
That falſe miſtaken things oppoſe the good:
By how much longer are our galleries,
By how much our proud towers higher riſe,
How much our ſtreets with buildings more abound,
Our ſummer grots are deeper under ground,

Our dining roomes more large and ſpatious:
So much the heav'ns more hidden are from us.
Fortune hath thee into a country led,
Where thy large receptacle 's but a Shed,
'Tis weakneſſe, and poore comfort to profeſſe,
Thou therefore bear'ſt the ſame with cheerfulneſſe,
'Cauſe *Romulus* his cottage thou haſt knowne.
Say rather thus, Vertue this lodge doth owne:
When Juſtice, Temperance, Prudence, Piety,
Knowledge to doe our duties honeſtly,
Skill in divine and humane things dwell there,
No temple can more beautifull appeare;
No roome can be too ſtrait, that ſuch a traine
Of great and noble vertues can containe:
Nor any baniſhment be cauſe of woe,
To which we may with ſuch retinue goe.
Brutus writes in that booke, which he compil'd
In praiſe of vertue, *That he ſaw exil'd,*
At Mytilene, Marcellus, who ev'n there,
As farre as fraile mortality could beare,
Liv'd bleſſedly, b'ing never more intent
To all good acts, than in his baniſhment.
He further add's, *That, when he went away,*
He, rather than the other, ſeem'd to ſtay
Confin'd. Marcellus, O more fortunate
In thy reſtraint, than in thy conſulate,
That b'ing to *Brutus*, this to Rome approv'd!
How great was he, who by his vertues mov'd

Another man to thinke, that he was ſent
To exile, when he from an exile went!
That brought himſelfe to be admir'd by one,
That was his *Cato's* admiration!
This *Marcus Brutus* furthermore doth write,
That Caius Cæſar to avoid the ſight
Of this disgraced man, did give command
To paſſe, and not at Mytilene to land.
Whom the whole *Senate* joyntly did intreat
For his returne, and with ſo much regret,
That they were all of *Brutus* mind that day,
And interceding for *Marcellus*, they
Su'd for themſelves, and ſeem'd to deprecate
In his, the ſad misfortunes of the State:
But he from hence more honour did receive,
That neither *Brutus* him proſcrib'd could leave,
Nor *Cæſar* ſee him; for it did proclaime,
In *Brutus* ſorrow, and in *Cæſar* ſhame.
Doubt not but this brave man did thus exhort
Himſelfe, his exile better to comport.
Thy baniſhment no miſery hath brought;
Thou art with learned precepts ſo well fraught,
That this to thee ſufficiently is knowne,
A wiſe man makes each forreigne land his owne.
Beſides this, was not he, which ſent thee out
Ten yeares together abſent? 't was (no doubt)
To propagate his Empire, ne'retheleſſe
That he was abſent ſtill, thou muſt confeſſe.

And now behold commotions like to riſe
In Africke call him forth, Spaine, that ſupplies
The broken and defeated party now,
Cals him to her; Egypt, that keepes no vow,
Expects him there; the like doe all that wait
Occaſion to confound our ſhaken ſtate.
What place to ſuccour ſhall his troupes be led?
Againſt what faction ſhall he firſt make head?
His victories require him ev'ry where:
To him all nations love and honour beare:
As for thy ſelfe be thou content with this,
That famous Brutus thy admirer is.
Marcellus therefore baniſhment tooke well;
Nor could (though into poverty he fell)
The change of place change any way his minde;
For none but they whom Avarice doth blinde,
And all-devouring Luxury, can be
Brought to finde any ill in Poverty.
How ſmall a thing is needfull unto man?
Which he, that hath but the leaſt vertue, can
Never be thought to want: for me, I know,
It is not wealth, but trouble I forgoe;
The bodie's wants are ſmall; 'twould cold prevent
With clothes, hunger and thirſt with nouriſhment;
And when we covet more, 'tis not the uſe
We labour for, but rather the abuſe.
There is no need to ſearch the deep for fiſh,
Nor yet with ſlaughter'd beaſts to heap a diſh,

To load our bellies, nor to rake out ſtore
Of oyſters from the unknowne *Britiſh* ſhoare.
Ah ! may they periſh, who the bounds exceed
Of this vaſt Empire, luxury to feed !
Our kitchins muſt from *Phaſis* be ſupply'd,
In *Parthia* we our delicates provide:
For we are not aſham'd to fetch, from whence
We have not yet fetcht vengeance, fowle from thence:
They carry from all parts new cates, t'incite,
When all knowne things doe cloy, the appetite ;
And yet their dainty ſtomackes hardly can
Hold, what is brought from th'extreme Ocean.
They eat, that they may vomit up their meat,
And vomit up their meat, that they may eat ;
And, to digeſt thoſe banquets do diſdaine,
That through the world congeſted were with paine:
He, who contemnes theſe things, findes Poverty
Not hurtfull, who deſires them, gaines thereby :
He's heal'd againſt his will, and if he take
The remedy' uncompell'd, he then ſhall make
His want of pow'r his pleaſures to fulfill
To be, but onely like the want of will.
Caligula, whom nature ſeemes to me
To have created, but to let us ſee,
Great vices in great fortunes being found,
What they produce, ſpent fifty thouſand pound
In one day at one ſupper ; all men lent
Their skill, to make it more magnificent ;

Yet at one meale their art could ſcarce extend,
The tribute of the Provinces to ſpend.
O wretched men, whoſe palates ſtill refuſe
All meats, but dainties, dainties which they chuſe,
Not to delight the taſt, but 'cauſe they are
With difficulty gotten, therefore rare!
But otherwiſe if things be taken right,
What needs ſuch art to pleaſe the appetite?
Such trading? ſpoyling of the woods and fields?
Such curious ſearch of what the vaſt flood yeilds?
The food which nature gives, doth ſcatter'd ly
In ev'ry place, which theſe, as blind, paſſe by,
Sending abroad through ſev'rall lands and ſea's,
And knowing how their hunger to appeaſe
With little or no charge, at a deare rate
They rather ſeeke the ſame to irritate.

Cap. X.

TO theſe I faine would ſay: Why doe you then
Furniſh out ſhips, arme 'gainſt wilde beaſts and men?
Why with ſuch tumult run you to and fro?
Why heape you wealth on wealth? do you not know
How ſmall your bodies are? Is it not rage,
And the mind's deſperate diſeaſe, t'engage
Your ſelves, who are ſo little in extent,
To deſire much? though you your rents augment,
Enlarge your bounds, yet you cannot deviſe
T'enlarge your bodies: though your merchandiſe

Returne you profit, though your warfare thrive,
And your proviſions ſent from farre arrive;
Yet notwithſtanding you cannot finde roome,
To hold thoſe preparations when they come.
Why ſeeke you ſuch variety of meat?
Our Anceſtors, whoſe vertues even yet
Suſtaine our vices, ſurely muſt be thought,
T'have been unhappy; when their owne hands wrought
To earne their food; who made the earth their bed;
Whoſe houſes yet with gold ne're glittered;
Nor Temples ſparkled yet with gemmes; who then
Devoutly ſware by earthen gods, and when
They vow'd, leſt they ſhould faile, though ſure to dy,
They would returne unto their enemy.
Could our Dictator be ſuppos'd to live
Leſſe bleſſedly, becauſe, when he did give
To th'Agents of the *Samnites*, audience,
His food, at a poore fire, with ſmall expence,
He dreſt with his owne hand: ev'n with that hand,
Which in his wiſe, and fortunate command,
Was wont to wound our foes, and to reſtore
The Laurell-garland, he in triumph bore,
Into the lap of Capitoline *Iove*.
His happineſſe how did he leſſe approve,
Than in our dayes *Apicius*, who' in that place,
From whence ſometimes Philoſophers with diſgrace,
As youth-corrupters, were remov'd, erected
His Kitchin-art, and the whole age infected

With

With his vile diſcipline ; whoſe end to know
Is worth our labour ; having waſted ſo
Two millions, and a halfe of crownes, and ſpent
The preſents of great Princes, and the rent
Of the whole Capitoll in banquetting,
Oppreſt at length with debt, and forc'd to bring
Himſelfe to an account, his vaſt ſummes found
To be reduced to threeſcore thouſand pound ;
A fearing he ſhould ſtarve, if he were ty'd
To live but at that rate, with poyſon dy'd.
In what a height of luxury liv'd he,
To whom ſo great a ſumme, was poverty !
Goe then, and ſatisfaction thinke to find,
Rather in wealth it ſelfe, than in the mind.

Cap. XI.

A *Picius* feared want, having above
Two hundred thouſand crownes, and did remove
By poyſon, that which others to maintaine,
No kind of coſtly diligence refraine ;
But this depraved man found his laſt draught
Moſt profitable: he then poyſon ſought,
And dranke it, when not only he tooke pleaſure,
But gloried in thoſe feaſts, that had no meaſure ;
When he his vices boaſted, when he brought
All *Rome* to his debauſhry, when he taught
Our youths to imitate him, who' ev'n alone,
And without ill examples are too prone.

This happens unto ſuch, as doe not ſquare
Their wealth by reaſon, whoſe bounds certaine are,
But by a vitious cuſtome, whoſe deſire
Doth to a vaſt immenſity aſpire;
Nothing ſufficeth luſt, the ſmalleſt things
Will ſuffice nature; poverty then brings
No inconvenience to a baniſht man;
No place of baniſhment's ſo meane, but can
Give nouriſhment ſufficiently: but he
Wants cloathes, or wants a houſe, yet if theſe be
Deſir'd, but for the uſe, he cannot miſſe
Shelter or covering: for the body is
As eaſ'ly cloath'd, as fed. Nature ordaines
That needfull things be had with little paines:
If he deſire a ſuit of ſcarlet dy,
And wrought with gold, or with variety
Of colours, and of art, he then is grown
Poore, not by fortunes fault, but by his owne.
Though all that he hath loſt thou ſhould'ſt reſtore;
Yet thou doſt nothing, for hee'l ſtill want more
Of what he covets, then, b'ing baniſhed,
Of what he had; if hee'd be furniſhed
With golden veſſell, or with ſilver plate,
Priz'd for the workeman's name, at a deare rate;
Or braſſe, which by the madneſſe of ſome few
Is had in high eſteem, or have a crew
Of ſervants ſtreightening a houſe, though great,
Or ſtately mules, that are with eaſe and meat

Conſtrained to be fat; or marbles bought
In ſeverall countries, though all theſe be brought
In great abundance; yet they can no more
Suffice our unſufficed mind, than ſtore
Of drinks can him, whoſe drought doth not from need,
But from an inward parching heat proceed,
That's a diſeaſe, not thirſt; nor is't of food,
And money only to be underſtood,
Nature is ſtill the ſame in all deſire,
That ſprings from vice, not want: what we acquire
In that, is not an end, but a degree
Of covetous affections: therefore he,
That ſhall upon the naturall meane rely
Will not be ſenſible of poverty:
Whereas the man, that ſhall thoſe bounds exceed,
Will in the greateſt plenty be in need.
Things neceſſary we in exile find;
Superfluous not in kingdomes. 'Tis the mind
Which makes men rich: nothing can that prevent,
But it will follow us to baniſhment,
And horrid deſerts; wherein having found
What may ſuffice the body', it doth abound
With it's owne goods, and there enjoyes the ſame.
Money no intereſt in the ſoule can claime,
No more than in the Gods; thoſe vanities,
Which fooles addicted to the body prize,
As ſtones, gold, ſilver, tables formed round,
And raiſed high for ſtate, all which are found

To be but terrene burthens, which a mind
Sincere neglects, and ponders it's owne kind;
And being light is ready up to clime,
When it ſhall be cald forth. In the meane time,
As farre as our ſlow members will permit,
And th'heavy load of fleſh that covers it;
Supported by the light, and nimble wings
Of ſpeedy thought, it beholds heavenly things:
Wherefore b'ing free, and to the gods ally'd,
Fram'd to all worlds, and to all times t'abide,
It cannot be exil'd; for'tis intent,
And meditates on the whole firmament;
And by deep contemplation hath to doe
With all the ages paſt, and future too:
As for this little body, the ſoul's jayle,
And fetters, many things doe that aſſaile;
Diſeaſes, tortures, robberies thereon
Are often exerciſ'd; the mind alone
Immortall, and divine, needs no defence,
For it can never ſuffer violence.

Cap. XII.

NOr would I have thee now conceive, that I
To mitigate the ill of Poverty,
Which no man ever yet hath grievous found,
But he that thought ſo, only do propound
The precepts of wiſe men. Doe we not ſee,
How much the poore in number greater be,

To Helvia.

Who live not in more care, and heavineſſe,
Than rich men doe, but rather in farre leſſe:
Becauſe the minde from whence this diff'rence ſprings
Is not diſtracted with ſo many things:
But leaving theſe, let us ſurvey the rich,
How many' occaſions meet they with, in which
They're like the poore: taking long journeys, they
Their baggage leave behind, and cald away
In haſt, at home moſt of their ſervants tarry,
Going to warre how little wealth they carry!
The diſcipline of armes forbids the uſe
Of dainties; ſouldiers muſt not be profuſe:
Nor doth the ſcarcity of time, and place
Make them ſeeme poore, they thinke it no diſgrace,
Weary of wealth, wherewith they ſo abound,
Somtimes to dine and ſup upon the ground;
And leaving all their gold and ſilver plate,
To eat in earthen veſſels of ſmall rate.
Ah madmen, who the thing they alwaies feare,
Doe ſometimes ſeeke! what miſts in them appeare!
What ignorance of truth, who imitate
With pleaſure, that which they avoid and hate!
For me, when I reflect upon the fame
Of old examples, I conceive it ſhame
To uſe the arguments of Poverty,
Becauſe the times ſo flow with luxury,
That baniſht mens proviſions now, are more
Than Senatours revennewes heretofore.

Homer

Homer had but one ſervant, *Plato* three,
Zeno had none, the author ſaid to be
Of the grave Stoicke learning, they, that call
Theſe wretched, are the wretchedeſt of all.
Menenius Agrippa by the choice
Of Senate, and the people's publicke voice,
Did arbitrate their jarres, and when he dy'd
His funerall charge was by a tax ſupply'd.
Attilius Regulus, having o'recome
The *Carthaginian* army ſent to *Rome*,
To let them know, his ſervant being gone,
His tillage was neglected; whereupon
The *Senate* in his abſence did declare,
It ſhould be taken into publicke care.
What honour 'twas to have no ſervant, then
The Roman people were his husbandmen!
Scipio's two daughters, from the treaſury
Received, as a gift, their portions: why?
Their father left them none: 'twas juſt, that they,
Who tooke from Carthage yéarly, once ſhould pay
Tribute to *Scipio*: O how fortunate
Their husbands were, to whom the Romane State
Became a father in law! Are they, think'ſt thou,
More happy, who their * *Pantomimes* endow
With twenty thouſand crownes than *Scipio* was,
Whoſe daughters portions were in heavy braſs
Paid by the State their *Guardian*? wil then any
Dare to ſcorne Poverty, whereof ſo many

* Wenches that imitated all manner of perſons and geſtures.

Famous

Famous examples be? what baniſht man,
Though ne're ſo much reſtrain'd, hereafter can
Complaine of need, when *Scipio* did want
Dow'r for his daughters, *Regulus* had ſcant
A ſervant, and *Menenius* from all
The people, did obtaine his tunerall?
What to theſe men by fortune was deny'd,
Was with more honour in this way ſupply'd,
And therefore in their judgements, Poverty
Brings as well pleaſure, as ſecurity.

Cap. XIII.

TO this it may be ſaid: Why with ſuch art
Are theſe things ſtretch'd? what may be born apart,
Conjoyned cannot: change of place, if 't be
No more, is tolerable; Poverty,
If it be not accompani'd with Shame,
May be endur'd, this ev'n alone doth tame,
And oppreſſe minds; whoſ'ever would diſmay
Me with a troup of evils, t' him I 'll ſay,
If I 'gainſt fortune in one part alone
Have pow'r, I have it to be hurt by none:
When vertue once hath hardened the mind,
We ſhall the ſame impenetrable find.
If avarice, mans worſt plague, be diſmiſt,
Ambition will from all her wiles deſiſt.
If on thy end, not as a puniſhment,
But nature's law, thy ſerious thoughts be bent,

That

That breaſt, that hath of death caſt out the feare,
Will let the feare of nothing enter there.
He that beleeves, he doth of luſt partake,
Not for the pleaſure, but for children's ſake;
When that cloſe ill, that to the bowells cleaves,
He quits, all other lewd affections leaves.
Reaſon'gainſt ſingle vices hand to hand
Fights not, but ſeeks t'encounter the whole band,
And make one gen'rall conqueſt. Can diſgrace
Bring trouble to a wiſe man, that doth place
All things within himſelfe, and doth deny
Th'opinions, that the vulgar are led by?
A ſhamefull death is the worſt kind of ſhame,
Yet *Socrates*, with th'heart that did reclaime
The thirty Tyrants, into priſon went,
And th'infamy, to priſons incident,
Remov'd; for ſure that place could not be thought
A priſon, wherein *Socrates* was brought.
Who is ſo dull, t'imagine when the State
Deny'd both Prætorſhip and Conſulate
To *Cato*, when he ſought them, that diſgraces
Were put on him, rather than on thoſe places,
To which undoubtedly it would have been
An honour, t'have had *Cato* choſen in?
None are deſpiſ'd by others, but who firſt
Deſpiſ'd themſelves: that man retaines the worſt,
And baſeſt thoughts, that is prepar'd to ly
Under this contumelious infamy:

But

But he that in the greateſt danger ſtands
Upright, and all that evill countermands,
That countermandeth others, bravely beares
Misfortunes, which he like a Mitre weares;
For this is worth our admiration,
To ſee a man ſtout in affliction.
At *Athens*, *Ariſtides* being ſent
To ſuffer death, the people, as he went,
Shed teares, as if, not a juſt man alone,
But juſtice-ſelfe ſhould dy: yet there was one,
That ſpat in's face, paſſion might have enſu'd,
Knowing, no pure mouth durſt have been ſo rude:
But having wip't his face, he ſmiling ſaid
To th'officers about him, *Pray perſwade*
This man hereafter to forbeare to yawne
So rudely. Thus was he by reaſon drawne
To requite ſcorne with ſcorne. But ſome will ſay,
That nothing can great ſpirits ſo diſmay,
As vile contempt, and that they'd rather dy,
Than be deſpis'd. To theſe I will reply,
That baniſhment it ſelfe is often free,
From any kinde of ſhame, or infamy:
If a brave great man fall, he on the ground
Lies, both as brave, and great; he's no more bound,
Or ſubject to contempt, than are the holy
Reliques, and ruines of a Temple, folly
Profanely treading on them, that require
A reverence, as if they were entire.

But

Cap. XIIII.

NOw, *deareſt Mother*, if thou haſt no cauſe
To grieve for me, then ſure thy int'reſt drawes
Thoſe teares from thee, and that in two reſpects:
For either this begets thoſe ſad effects,
That thou want'ſt ſome protection by my loſſe;
Or that thou canſt not beare ſo great a croſſe
As is my abſence: I muſt lightly touch
The firſt of theſe. I know thy mind is ſuch,
That thou lov'ſt thine, only becauſe th'are thine;
As for thoſe other mothers, whoſe deſigne,
Knowing themſelves incapable of charge,
Is to abuſe their childrens pow'r, t'enlarge
Their owne the more. Let them purloyne, and ſpend
Their childrens patrimonies; let them bend
Their wit, and their authority t'aſſiſt,
And favour others, only as they liſt:
Thou haſt rejoyc'd at the proſperity
Of thy deare children, but not gain'd thereby:
Thou haſt our liberality reſtrain'd
To certaine limits, but thine owne maintain'd:
Nay more, thy father living thou did'ſt adde
Guiſts, to encreaſe the plentuous meanes we had:
Thou haſt in our eſtates with diligence
Labour'd, as in thine owne; with abſtinence,
As in another's; while I was in place,
Thou did'ſt not ſeeke to uſe my pow'r and grace

More than a ſtranger; and of all the large
Honours I had, only the joy and charge
Belong'd to thee; thy love hath not reſpected
Thy profit: Then how canſt thou be affected
With my reſtraint, when my proſperity
Thou didſt not thinke to appertaine to thee?

XV.

ANd therefore, I muſt now all comfort borrow,
From theſe true cauſes of a mothers ſorrow:
I loſe th'embracements of my deareſt ſonne,
And want his ſight, and converſation:
Where is he now, whoſe preſence us'd to cleere
My cloudy face, and my ſad heart to cheere?
Where's that diſcourſe, wherewith I ne're was fill'd?
Thoſe ſtudies, whence ſuch vertue hath diſtill'd,
As made me ſhare therein, more willingly,
Than other women; more familiarly,
Than other mothers? where are now thoſe glad
Encounters, that we uſually have had?
Where is the mirth and filiall delight,
Shew'd alwaies, when thy mother came in ſight?
Joine here the very places, where we met,
Both to ſalute together, and to eat,
And thoſe memorialls thou of me do'ſt find,
Which muſt needs bring great ſorrow to thy mind,
For ev'n in this thou'ſt fortune cruell found,
That not three dayes e're I receiv'd my wound,

She thee aſſaulted, when thou wert ſecure,
And had'ſt no thought any ſuch thing t'endure:
Well did the places diſtance us divide,
Well did thy abſence for ſome yeares provide
Againſt this evill; thou cam'ſt back againe,
Not to enjoy thy ſon, but to retaine
The cuſtome of thy love: if thou had'ſt been
Much longer abſent, thou had'ſt ſhew'd therein
More conſtancy; for abſence doth inſpire
A vertue, that can mitigate deſire.
If thou had'ſt not gone thence, this laſt delight
Thou had'ſt obtain'd thereby, thy deare ſons ſight
Longer two dayes: but cruell fate did ſo
Ordaine, that thou could'ſt neither ſee me goe,
Nor be by abſence taught to beare: but thou,
As theſe things be more difficult, muſt now
Summon more vertue, and more boldly fight,
As with a knowne foe, often put to flight.
Thy bloud not from a body' unhurt doth ſpring:
Thou'rt wounded ev'n through ſcarres.—

Cap. XVI.

NOr muſt thou bring
For thy excuſe a womans name, that beares,
As't were, a right to ſhed immoderate teares,
But not immenſe: our aunceſtors therefore,
Allow'd to women ten month's, to deplore

Their

Their husbands death's, that by a publick law,
From wilfull mourning, they might them withdraw:
Sorrow was not forbidden, but confin'd:
For in the losse of friends t'afflict the mind
With griefe excessive, is fond Piety,
And not to mourne is inhumanity:
This meane twixt pity', and reason is most fit,
To feele affection, and to vanquish it.
Then care not what those women can pretend,
Whose sorrow, once begun, doth never end.
Some thou hast knowne, who when their children dy'd,
Their mourning once put on, ne're laid aside.
Thy life, from the beginning being us'd
To courage, requires more: what hath excus'd
Another woman, cannot excuse thee,
That art from other womens vices free.
The crime that is most common in this age,
Immodesty, could never thee engage
Among the most, no Pearles, nor Diamonds
Have tempted thee, nor what the world propounds
To be the chiefe good, riches, in thine eyes
Have glittered, no lewd and wicked guise,
Apt to corrupt the good, hath wrought upon
Thy ancient, and severe instruction.
Thou never wert asham'd of fruitfulnesse,
As if it made thee old, nor would'st professe,
Like others, that suppose all praise to come
From beauty, to conceale thy swelling wombe,

As an uncomely burthen, nor bereave
Thy ſelfe of th'hopefull fruit, thou did'ſt conceive.
Thou never did'ſt adult'rate colous lay
Upon thy face, nor through thin cloathes diſplay
Thy naked skin; that forme with thee tooke place,
That is obnoxious to no age; the grace,
That thou haſt valued moſt, is chaſtity,
Thou canſt not therefore in thy griefe rely
Upon a woman's priviledge, that art
From women by thy vertues ſet apart;
From whoſe inceſſant teares, thou ought'ſt to be,
As from their ſeverall crimes and vices free:
Nor yet will even women thinke it fit
Thy wounds ſhould feſter: though they will permit,
Thy proſtrate griefe to powre out from thine eyes
Some needfull teares, they'll bid the quickly riſe;
If thou at leaſt wilt looke on thoſe, whoſe fame
An equall ſhare with braveſt men doth claime.
Cornelia, from twelve children was by fate
Reduc'd to two, if thou'lt enumerate
The burialls, they were ten; if value them,
The *Gracchi*: yet all thoſe ſhe did condemne,
That wept, and blam'd her fate. *Doe not* (ſaid ſhe)
Tax fortune, that the Gracchi *gave to me.*
'Twas fit of her he ſhould be borne that ſaid
To one declaiming. *Doe not thou upbraid*
The mother that bare me. Her words were raiſ'd
More high, *he* their birth, *ſhe* their buriall praiſ'd.

Rutili

Rutilia did with her ſonne *Cotta* goe
To baniſhment, who to her love was ſo
Strongly engaged, that ſhe rather choſe
To be exil'd, than his deare ſight to loſe;
Nor would ſhe by perſwaſions be wonne,
Her country to review without her ſonne:
But cald home, and preferr'd, his death ſhe bore.
As ſtoutly, as ſhe follow'd him before:
Nor after he was buried, was ſhe knowne
To weep; in exile was her vertue ſhowne,
In death her wiſdome; nothing could reſtraine
Her love, in fond griefe nothing her detaine.
Among theſe women ranke thy ſelfe, that thou
Having their vertues imitated, now
May'ſt follow their examples, to redreſſe
The troubles of thy mind, and griefe ſuppreſſe.
I know the thing doth not in our pow'r ly,
And that affections hardly can comply,
And much leſſe that which from great ſorrow grows;
'Tis fierce and will all remedies oppoſe,
Which ſometimes we would hide, and would devoure
Our ſighes, and groanes; yet then ſome teares we poure
Downe our compoſed faces, though we goe
To playes, or fencings, yet aſſaults of woe
In midſt of thoſe diverſions us bereave
Of all delight; then let us not deceive,
But vanquiſh griefe, for when it is with play
Beguiled, or by buſineſſe put away,

It will returne upon us, and at length
By all thoſe intermiſſions gather ſtrength:
But if it once be willing to ſubmit
To reaſon, that will ever ſettle it.
I therefore for thy cure, muſt now refuſe
To put thee upon things that others uſe,
As journeys long, or pleaſant; or to make
It thy imployment, carefully to take
Th'accounts of thy eſtate; that thou may'ſt ſtill
B'intangled in new buſi'neſſe; all theſe will,
But for a little time affoord relieſe;
They doe not heale, but rather procure griefe,
Which I would end, not cozen: therefore I
Muſt now conduct thee, whither all, that fly
Fortune, reſort, to liberall arts; thy wound
They will heale up, and all thy griefe confound:
In which, although thou haſt not formerly
Been converſant, yet now thou muſt apply
Thy mind thereto; for of thoſe ſtudies thou,
As farre as th'ancient rigour would allow,
Obſerved by my father, took'ſt a taſt,
Although thou did'ſt not make them thy repaſt:
And I could wiſh, the beſt of men, my father,
Too much addicted to old cuſtomes, rather
Had let thee ſearch the depth of thoſe grave arts;
Than only taſt the ſuperficiall parts:
Thy ſorrow had not now ſought a redreſſe,
But rather found it in a readineſſe.

By reaſon ſome us'd letters, not to gaine
More wiſdome, but lewd courſes to maintaine,
He leſſe deſir'd to have thee ſtudy; yet
The help of a ſtrong wit, hath made thee get
Much in a little time, thou haſt the ſeed
Of all good doctrines in thee; now proceed:
They'll keep thee ſafe, bring comfort, bring delight,
And if thou ſhalt them ſeriouſly invite
Into thy mind, no griefe will enter there,
No anxious care, no vaine-afflicting feare;
Thy breaſt to none of theſe will open ly,
For that before an entrance did deny
To any vice: thoſe arts will ſuccour thee,
And againſt fortune thy ſole refuge be.
But till thou ſhalt into that harbour come,
Which they prepare, becauſe th'haſt need of ſome
Supporters, I to thee will now apply
Comfort: upon my brothers caſt thine eye,
They being ſafe, thou ought'ſt not to condemne
Thy fortune; for thou haſt in both of them,
What ſpringing from a diverſe vertue may
Delight thee: one in an induſtrious way,
Hath got preferment, and advanc'd his name;
While th'other wiſely hath deſpis'd the ſame:
Let th'honour of the one, the peace of th'other,
The Piety of both content the mother.
I know their hearts: one is to honour bent,
That he may be to thee an ornament;

The

The other in a quiet life takes pleaſure,
That to ſerve thee he may have better leaſure:
Fortune hath well diſpoſ'd them, for defence,
And for delight; the pow'rfull eminence
Of th'one, telles thee thou canſt not be oppreſt,
While th'others contemplation gives thee reſt;
They will contend in love, the piety
Of two, the loſſe of one, will ſatisfie.
And I dare confidently promiſe this,
That nothing, but the number, thou ſhalt miſſe,
From theſe upon thy grand-children reflect:
Marcus a pleaſant boy, whoſe ſweet aſpect
All ſadneſſe drives away; no griefe can be
So great, ſo freſh, that by his paſtime he
Will not aſſwage: what ſad and mornfull eye
Will not his ſportfull preſence quickly dry?
Whoſe thoughts are ſo wrapt up in heavineſſe,
That by ſuch anſwers will not finde redreſſe?
Who is not with ſuch wantonneſſe delighted?
What grief-diſtracted mind is not invited
To cheerfulneſſe, by ſuch a pratling wit,
Whereof no man was ever weary yet?
I pray the Gods that he may us ſurvive,
And let the fates 'gainſt me alone contrive
Their cruelties, and th'ill that ſhould befall
The mother, and grandmother, may it all
Light upon me; but may the reſt remaine
In peace and ſafety; I will not complaine

Of loſſe, or baniſhment: but wiſh my fate
The woe of our whole houſe may expiate.
Hugge *Novatilla*; who will thee ſoone make
A great grand-mother, whom I did ſo take
Into my care, that ſhe may now profeſſe
Herſelfe an Orphan, though not fatherleſſe:
For my ſake love her: fortune tooke away
Her mother lately, but thy goodneſſe may
So order things, that her deare mother's loſſe,
She only may condole, not feele the croſſe:
Now faſhion her, now make her truely faire;
Precepts in tender age beſt planted are:
Uſe her to heare thee ſpeake, t'obſerve thy mind,
And if thou giv'ſt her nothing, ſhe will find
Enough in thy example: then apply
This ſolemne office, as a remedy:
For reaſon only, and honeſt buſineſſe
Can eaſe a pious mind that's in diſtreſſe.
Amongſt great comforts I ſhould name thy Father,
But that he abſent is: yet thou may'ſt gather,
By thine owne love, what he may now deſire;
And ſurely juſtice rather doth require,
That thou ſhould'ſt be preſerv'd for him, than be
Conſumed with continuall care for me.
As oft as furious griefe ſhall thee invade,
And bid the follow, let me thee perſwade
To thinke upon thy father, to whom thou
Haſt giv'n ſo many grand-children, that now

Thou might'ſt not be alone; yet in thee lyes
Th'accompliſhment of thy felicities.
It is a great crime therefore to complaine
Thou liv'ſt, ſince he doth yet in life remaine.

Cap. XVII.

THy greateſt comfort I have yet conceal'd,
Thy ſiſter, to whoſe truſt thou haſt appeal'd,
Wholly in thy diſtreſſe, who hath approv'd
Her faith; and us, ev'n as a mother, lov'd.
With her thy teares th'haſt mingled, and did'ſt breath
In her deare boſome firſt. She doth bequeath
Her ſelfe to thy affections, and yet ſhe,
In my reſpect, grieves not ſo much for thee.
By her hands I was brought to *Rome*; her skill,
And carefull tendance cur'd me of an ill,
And lingring diſeaſe: her friends ſhe imploy'd
To make me *Queſtor*: though ſhe us'd t'avoid
All publicke greetings, yet th'indulgency,
She ſhew'd to me, o'recame her modeſty.
Her retir'd life, her naturall baſhfulneſſe,
Among ſo many women, that profeſſe
Laſcivious rudeneſſe, her deſire of reſt,
Her minde with ſecrecy and eaſe poſſeſt,
Could not with her prevaile, but ſhe would thus
For my ſake, make her ſelfe ambitious:
Behold the comfort that will thee ſuſtaine,
Deare Mother, in her company remaine;

Wrap

Wrap thee in her embraces; mourners uſe
To fly the things they love, thereby to chuſe
A liberty in griefe, doe thou conferre
Thy ſelfe, and all thou think'ſt upon, on her:
Whether that habit thou intend'ſt to keep,
Or lay it downe, and henceforth ceaſe to weep;
Thou ſhalt be ſure, that ſhe to all thy care
Will put an end, or elſe with thee will ſhare:
And if the wiſdome I doe not miſtake
Of this moſt perfect woman, ſhe will make
Thy needleſſe griefe, unhurtfull, and will draw
From her owne ſelfe, th'example which I ſaw.
She in a voyage on the Sea much toſt,
Her loving husband, our deare uncle loſt,
Whom ſhe a Virgin marri'd; yet her feare,
And ſorrow, then ſhe temp'rately did beare,
When neare a wracke, in ſpight of ſtormes, ſhe bore
The body of her husband to the ſhore.
O what brave acts of many women ly
Forgotten, buried in obſcurity!
Had ſhe been borne in thoſe old times, that were
In their eſteeme of vertue, found ſincere,
How had the noble wits been all at ſtrife,
Which of them ſhould moſt celebrate that wife:
Who minding not her ſex, nor the ſea's rage,
Which ſtout men feare, did her owne life engage
To ſeeke a tombe, and while ſhe thought alone
Upon her husband's grave, fear'd not her owne.

All poets doe that woman magnify,
Who for her husband offered to dy:
But this was more, her husband to interre
With hazard of her life. Men doe preferre
That love, and alwaies give it more eſteeme,
That with like danger doth the leſſe redeeme:
When this is underſtood, let no man wonder,
That ſhe in ſixteene yeares, Egipt then under
Her husband's government, had not been ſeene
In publicke, and none of that Province been
Admitted to her houſe; in nothing ſhe
Sollicited her husband, nor would be
Sollicited by others: hence it was,
That the cenſorious people, prone to paſſe
Opprobrious jeſts, their rulers to defame, (blame,
'Mong whom ev'n thoſe that ſhun'd faults, ſcap't not
Look'd on her, as the only preſident
Of ſanctity, and that which alwaies went
Againſt their nature moſt, whom jeſts that bite,
Though made with hazard of their lives, delight,
Contain'd their ſlaund'rous tongues, and now do crave
What they can never hope, her like to have.
That they approv'd her ſixteene yeares was much,
But that they knew her not, was more. I touch,
And mention theſe things, not as if I meant,
T'enlarge her praiſes, which are rather pent
In ſuch a ſhort diſcourſe; but thee to tell,
How brave a mind doth in that woman dwell:

Whom

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